

The good ship Nester in the harbor lay,
And August the eight was the eventful day,
That we marched abroad that vessel of TEA
To sail across the "Bloody Sea".

'Twas but a few hours till we set sail:
"I ain't sick boys, but let me get to the rail.
"Two bits he comes; he's going to put out,
Gangway hot stuff" you heard them shout.

"Seven come eleven, read 'em and weep"
All day long on the briney deep
With nothing to eat but soup and goat,
And then overboard to let it float.

When all was dark and black as ink,
Preacher prayed that the boat wouldn't sink,
But said a guy, who'd been feeding the fish,
"That the damn thing does is my next wish"

When every one else he thought to be asleep,
Port Hole Crawford decided to take a peep,
So opened a porthole close by his swing,
An angry wave knocked him out of the thing.

We landed in Liverpool, without mishap,
Where the chief of police wore the fire chief's cap:
They hailed us "Sammies" and bade us God-spel,
The only reply was "When do we feed".

Camp Woodley, near Ramsey was our next stop,
Where we rested our stomachs I say old top:
Took the first bath in thirteen days;
Cleanliness first boys, they say it pays.

We changed our money for shillings and pence,
On the Fighting "Y" we advanced hence,
Where we bought hot Cocoa, and sat on benches:
"Everything is free, boys, over in the trenches"

But a fellow told me and he ought to know,
"You had better get all you can before you go"
Later I found out just what he meant,
For I saw fewer Y's the farther I went.

We hiked to South Hampton, about a dozen miles:
The band a'playing, and we were all smiles
Till we marched aboard the boat Queen Alexander
Then the Wild Cat got up his dander.

They drove the cattle out and marched us in;
The cussing that we did was a sin:
All shut up like pigs in a pen,
No one slept except Rookie Glenn.

Next morning we landed in Old Cherbourg;
No one spoke French but private John Burg;
He tried it on 'em, but oh by Jingo,
They couldn't understand their own darn lingo.